

After Hours by Good Morning Hawkins (quodpersortem)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

It's late at night and Steve and Billy are hanging out at the quarry, getting high and drunk. They're friends now, and after Steve takes a leap they're not.

After Hours

Author's Note:

The idea for this was conceived in The Lair, with thanks to [frankiefrommars](#) for providing input, especially at the start! Title taken from [the We Are Scientists song of the same name](#). Betaing credits and many thanks go to [gothyringwald](#).

They're out, smoking by the quarry. The time of year for swimming has gone now that there's a chill in the air but Steve doesn't mind it so much. Sitting on a log beside Billy, who seems to perpetually exude some of that California warmth, he's comfortable.

They're overlooking the silent ripple of the water and Steve thinks about all the times he's been here, doing the same thing with Tommy H. and Carol, Nancy and Tricia and Desmond. The way they'd lean into one another with limited weed but a building tolerance, and he turns to look at Billy.

Billy turns his head to Steve and smiles. He looks calmer now, away from home and with his fingers curled around a can of beer.

Lungs filled with smoke, Steve leans in. It'd be impolite not to, he thinks. Rude, even—they can make the one joint they've got last.

He expects Billy to open his mouth and breathe in—maybe to put his hands around his lips so he won't have to touch Steve's. Instead he startles, full deer-in-headlights, and all but shouts, "The *fuck* are you doing, Harrington?"

Harrington . The name echoes across the quiet of the quarry, a nickname that Billy dropped months ago and that reminds Steve of their initial rough start.

He tries to play it cool. "C'mon," he laughs, huffing out the smoke. "Don't California dudes shotgun?"

Billy furrows his brow, dark creases that Steve wants to smooth over

with his finger. “Not with other guys, no,” he tells Steve. “That’s—”

“What?” Steve laughs again. “Gay? I’d call it the efficient use of weed. Makin’ it last, Billy, that’s all.”

That’s a lie—not all guys in Hawkins shotgun and it is a bit gay, much like Steve himself. He doesn’t want to let Billy in on that—or the times that he kissed boys when he wasn’t dating girls. Not after his skittish response.

Maybe Steve expected something else, thought *maybe Billy, too*.

Maybe this is his only shot.

He reaches out, nerves dumbed down enough that he doesn’t hesitate before putting his fingers on Billy’s neck. He can feel the heat of Billy’s flush and smiles at him again. “For real, you don’t have to—but we can. Y’know. Get extra stoned?”

“Right.” Billy nods, and then that mask of bravado slips back onto his face. “Show me, then. How do you shotgun a guy.” He’s smirking at Steve, turning it into a challenge—one Steve is fully prepared to fulfil.

He takes another drag and leans close to Billy, careful not to push their lips together like he would have with anybody else. He can feel Billy’s breath against his face, hot and smelling of cinnamon, and then exhales.

Billy breathes in and then passes the smoke back to Steve until it thins in the air and it leaves them suspended in a still moment, frozen in the liminal space before a kiss. Steve can feel the tension between them crackle in the air and he doesn’t move away because Billy has to be the first one to—Steve doesn’t have the willpower.

But Billy stays, and so Steve does, and then Billy’s lips brush against his own for a moment. Billy’s eyes are still open, the blue blurring together with his dark lashes this close, and Steve can feel Billy’s hand reach down to where Steve’s balancing himself on the log, his fingers closing around Steve’s wrist.

Steve moves in again, and this time Billy doesn’t pull back.

It's just a close-mouthed kiss and he can feel Billy's hand tremble a little, sweating against his skin; he can hear Billy's whimper.

The moment Steve licks his tongue across Billy's lips he freezes again and Steve's scared he's fucked up, pushed this too far or too soon or a mix of those, although to him it feels long overdue. He thinks about pulling away and apologizing but then Billy's thumb starts to stroke Steve's wrist and his mouth opens on a stuttering inhale.

Then he kisses Steve back.

They sit like that for long moments, kissing each other and moaning quietly, until Steve breaks away because he needs a breather—needs a sip of beer and some more weed, he thinks. His heart is hammering so loud in his ears that he can't hear the birds and he needs to gauge Billy's response and make sure he's not going to run.

Billy's eyes open slowly and he's flushed, but the panic has seeped from his face.

"I thought you were mocking me," he mutters quietly but doesn't specify what it is about. Steve thinks he knows, anyway—that fear of being caught out by someone you don't want to know. He doesn't think Billy's ever been open about his feelings before.

"Well, I wasn't," Steve tells him.

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They sit a little closer and Billy ends up breaking chunks from his cinnamon bun, hovering them in front of Steve but pulling away whenever his lips get close. Steve laughs as Billy eats the sugary pastry instead, making a show out of licking the sugar from his fingertips.

And Steve, Steve is tipsy on his way to wasted, although hardly all of that is alcohol and weed. Billy's cologne is what sends his head spinning, his dick hard in his pants and his lips itching for another kiss.

Instead he laughs and swats at Billy's arm, eyes following a new chunk of the sweet roll. Billy finally gives in, mashing the bit of

cinnamon bun against Steve's face before Steve grabs his hand and closes his mouth around Billy's fingers.

He licks them clean and he can feel his dick twitch at the memory of Billy doing the same thing only moments ago, and looking at Billy, Steve can tell he's thinking about it too. He can feel Billy wants to pull away but he keeps the hand there, a hint of Billy's salty sweat mixing in with the pastry and icing that he swallows.

He starts to mimic a blowjob. It's supposed to be a joke but Billy's eyes go dark the moment he catches on to what Steve's doing and from the corner of his eyes he can see Billy use his free hand to adjust himself.

Billy talks. It takes a moment before Steve registers that he's saying, "You've never sucked dick before, have ya?"

Steve smirks around Billy's fingers before pulling back, one by one kissing the tips of his fingers.

"You sure about that?"

Then he moves back in, taking Billy's fingers into his mouth down to the palm of his hand. It's comfortable—Steve has sucked dicks far bigger than Billy's fingers without an issue, although that wasn't anywhere near as sexy. He hears Billy whimper, shifting his hips a little like he's trying to get comfortable. He moans, playing things up a little, and moves his hand down to Billy's thigh.

When that's not swatted away, he traces a path along the inseam of Billy's jeans until he can cover the bulge in Billy's jeans. It's hard and almost damp with the heat radiating off him and he scratches his fingernail across the fabric to make Billy moan.

Steve raises his eyebrows and Billy whispers, "Yeah, hell *yeah*."

So he unbuttons Billy's jeans with his free hand, so tight that he needs to withdraw his mouth from Billy's fingers and even then it takes a few tries on each of the buttons. Then the fly falls open, too tight to stay in place, and Billy isn't wearing underwear—his dick pushes against the fabric it's caught behind. Steve reaches for it,

easing Billy's hard dick from his jeans and giving it a few strokes.

Already, Billy is moaning and whimpering, his dick twitching in Steve's hand. He thinks Billy might be fighting not to come which is *hot*.

He can't help but smirk at Billy before bending forward, getting a good look up close before licking at the tip and savouring that first taste of precum. Billy's shivering still-damp fingers come to rest on Steve's neck, not pushing him but staying there because one point of contact isn't enough.

Steve opens his mouth wider and closes it around Billy's dick, slowly moving down as he relaxes his jaw--he's done this enough to know that he wants to minimize the chance of an aching jaw tomorrow.

Billy's fingers are scrambling against his neck and he keeps making quiet cut-off moans, like he's trying to stop himself from being too loud, too used to only ever touching himself, alone in his bedroom at home. Steve bobs his head up and down and tries not to move too fast, pressing the tip of his tongue against the frenulum, until Billy is shaking.

"Steve," he murmurs, "shit—Steve, I'm sorry, fuck—"

Steve can feel Billy's dick twitch hard against his tongue, his hips flexing up a little, as bitter cum floods Steve's mouth. He manages to take some of it before feeling like it's too much—after the alcohol and weed, his reflexes aren't good enough to swallow everything.

Pulling off, he gently jerks Billy through the rest of his orgasm, making sure to aim his dick away from his body so cum splashes to the forest floor between his spread legs.

He lets go, wiping his hand off on his own jeans and watches Billy catch his breath. He's sitting with his eyes shut, the flush in his face slowly receding although his lips stay red and puffy. When he opens his eyes, turning to look at Steve, Steve smiles and moves in for a kiss.

He can still taste Billy on his tongue, which means that Billy can taste

himself.

Steve reaches down to push his hand against his dick, relieving some of the ache. It doesn't take long before Billy reaches for him, pushing Steve's fingers out of the way and fumbling with the button.

It's not really working, the angle too awkward and Billy too inexperienced. Steve helps him, pops the button half out and then Billy is unzipping his fly, fumbling with Steve's underwear and finally pulling his dick out.

It's not the best hand job Steve's ever had—the rhythm is slow and Billy's grip a little too firm, but Steve's not too particular with what he wants by now. A hand is a hand, and it's *Billy*. Steve would forgive Billy for a lot more—or less—than this.

He makes sure to moan whenever something feels good, whisper, "Yeah, like that," when Billy's got the right rhythm going.

When Billy gets a little more enthusiastic and the palm of his hand scrapes along the head of Steve's dick, he reaches down. Billy looks at him, frowning again, but Steve smiles and presses a kiss to his mouth before curling his fingers around Billy's.

"Like this," he mutters, showing Billy the way to avoid the sensitive head of his cut dick, too sensitive without lube for half of what Billy tried. Instead he makes Billy hold the shaft further down, just so the skin pulls enough to put tension to his frenulum—and the sharp pleasure at that nearly sends Steve across the edge.

He wants this to be Billy though, *only* Billy, so he lets go and turns to face him again.

"*Fuck*, that feels so good," he whispers into Billy's mouth and then moves in for a kiss when he can feel himself start to come. Pleasure washes over him, swift and fast and Billy jerks him through it. He uses gentle motions, until Steve's too sensitive and squirms away from his touch. There's cum on his jeans and on his shirt that Steve prods at with a smile, looking up at Billy.

"That was pretty fucking hot," he says, "wasn't it?"

Billy nods, his voice hoarse when he says, “Yeah.” Then the bravado is back, making Steve laugh as Billy picks up his beer and takes a sip, all while pretending to be cool—with his soft dick still hanging from his jeans, and the glitter of laughter in his eyes.